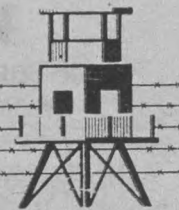


P.O.W. WOW



INTERNMENT CAMP · MEDICINE HAT · ALBERTA

VOL. 2, No. 4.

Published under the authority of Brig. F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., M.C., D.O.C. M.D. 13.
The contents of this publication have been edited and approved by H/Capt. E. Geo. Pearce.

NOV. 24, 1945

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY LEAGUE FORMED

Opening Game December 1st

Internment Camp Lions meet New Club Tigers in the Gas City Intermediate Hockey League on Saturday, Dec. 1. This will be the opening game of the league, formed in Medicine Hat on 18 Nov 45. A four-team league, it will operate under a seven-man executive: Fred R. Gibbs, president; Chris Jeffries, vice-president; Mike Bennett, secretary-treasurer, and the representatives of each of the four teams—New Club Tigers, Canadian Legion, Suffield and Internment Camp. Loop fixtures will be played at the Arena every Tuesday and Saturday night.

The opening whistle on Saturday, Dec. 1, will show how Internment Camp Lions will shape up as an entry in this league. From this distance they look good. Let's look at some of the boys who intend to keep our colours flying:

LT. JACK SIMPSON, RCE, began his puck career with the Edmonton Athletic Club Juveniles, gained further experience in the wilds of northern British Columbia with Smithers before going with the E.A.C. Juniors to the Dominion finals against Oshawa in 1939. This Edmonton club gave major league hockey such men as Mac and Neil Colville. Jack's 190 lbs. and his wide experience will be an asset to Internment Camp Lions.

STAN MENZIES, last year with Winnipeg Army, is a centre forward at 150 lbs. During the 1941-42 season Menzies played with Winnipeg Monarchs, the club that gave Bill Mosienko to Chi Hawks. A constant threat when there's a loose puck lying around, Stan has been negotiating with the New York Rangers.

RONNIE LANE, 155 lbs., tried out with Detroit Red Wings at Windsor in 1944. He played forward with the Edmonton Ath-

letic Club Juniors before joining the Army. Ronnie will bear watching.

SGT. RED HARRISON began his hockey career with Blairmore Bearcats, spent a season with Coleman, and then went to the Alberta finals with the Lethbridge Maple Leafs in 1940. Weighing 150 lbs., Harrison will hold up his end at left forward.

FRANK ARTISS has spent eight years in organized hockey. Hailing from Winnipeg where he played bantam and midget hockey, Artiss moved out West with the Army, seeing action with the Vancouver Arrows, a junior outfit. Seattle Ironmen used him in an exhibition game against Edmonton Canadians. Artiss tips the scales at 153 lbs.

CPL. SHORTY HAMER, now with the RCAMC here, is from the East. Halifax Wolverines, with whom Shorty played centre forward, reached the Allan Cup finals, but due to an ankle injury, Hamer was not able to finish with his club. A tricky boy at stickhandling, the Corporal weighs 145 lbs. and should provide scoring punch for Lions.

FRED ROBERTS can use his 190 lbs. either as defenseman or as goaltender. In civilian hockey he played with a junior club, Calgary Argos.

ALEC McCULLOCH saw action with a Hamilton junior club. Lions will be able to use his 160 lbs. to good effect.

CPL. BILL MacGREGOR is a goalie weighing 137 lbs. Having played with Medicine Hat Tigers some years ago, he may be in the nets facing this same team on Dec. 1.

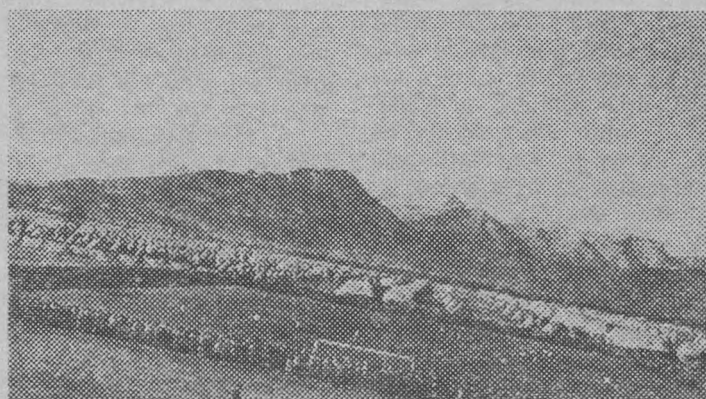
These are some of the candidates for positions on our entry in the Gas City League. We know there's more, so let's have them all out for our first practise on Monday, 26 Nov.

Ozada, The Tented City

FIRST IN A SERIES OF STORIES ON INTERNMENT CAMPS

The largest P.O.W. Camp in Canada. A huge tented city whose population at one time made it the fourth largest city in Alberta. That was Ozada. Now only the barbed wire enclosure, and the guard towers spaced at regular intervals around it, bear mute evidence to an episode of the war in

Guarding it were 20 tall, two-storey towers, spaced at intervals of about 250 yards. The setting was romantic, but the weather was atrocious. The spring and summer of 1942 were the wettest and the coldest in history. It rained, sleeted, and snowed every day. Fierce gales howled down the two valleys and the



Canada, that will long be remembered by those who were there.

Ozada is a boxcar station on the main line of the C.P.R., about midway between Calgary and Banff. It stands at an elevation of approximately 4,200 feet, and is the gateway to the beautiful valleys of the Bow and Kananaskis rivers, the latter making its confluence with the Bow a few miles to the west. North and west the towering peaks of the Rockies rear their heads, and the camp nestles at their feet.

It was in this romantic setting, in the triangle formed by the confluence of the two rivers that, early in April 1942, Col. Carson McCormick, O.B.E. (now deceased) assembled his staff and began preparations for the first trainload of P.O.W. who were due to arrive about two weeks later. At that time the contractors were still working on the guard towers and outer wire fence of the enclosure, which was approximately one square mile in area.

temperature was barely above freezing point. The area was a huge sea of mud and water, despite the gravel subsoil, and all supplies had to be trucked, either from Ozada station about two miles away, or direct from Calgary.

Except for a few contractors' shacks there wasn't a building of any kind for miles. Nothing but tents: not nice new tents straight from Ordnance, but condemned U.S. Army tents and marquees. The best of them only leaked in a couple of places, the worst of them leaked all over. The winds tore at the old rotten canvas and repairs made today, were ripped wide tomorrow. Into this rather grim picture about the middle of April came two Companies of Veterans Guards of Canada—No. 22 Company and No. 27 Company, to be followed shortly after by No. 30 Company.

It was "Springtime in the Rockies" with a vengeance and the thought was: could they take
(Continued on page 4)

P.O.W. WOW

"The little paper with readers from Halifax to Victoria"
(Published every second week at Medicine Hat.)

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor..... H/Capt. E. Geo. Pearce

Associate Editors

Capt. J. Biart, Capt. T. Rodie

Secretary... S/Sgt. R. Burkholder

Sub-editors:

36 Coy. V.G.C. Cpl. B. R. Wright
25 Coy. V.G.C. Cpl. G. Donaldson
Headquarters... Lt. A. G. Bruyns
R.C.A.M.C. Cpl. L. G. Barrett
C.D.C. Sgt. C. Bain

For nearly three years the citizens of Medicine Hat have been accustomed to seeing their streets thronged each evening with numbers of middle-aged soldiers wearing "Veterans Guard of Canada" badges, and the medal ribbons of the First Great War. During this time it can be safely said that the utmost good-will and friendship between town and camp has prevailed and very few cases of V.G.C. personnel misconducting themselves in public occurred. Now the "old Vets" have largely given place to "young soldiers" and one sees the insignia of many famous Canadian Corps on their shoulders. Included among them are a number of "young Vets" wearing the ribbon of the Italian and N.W. Europe campaigns. On these young soldiers now devolves the duty of carrying on the reputation for smartness and soldierly behaviour created by the "old Vets." And it is a DUTY which we owe, not only to ourselves, but to our uniform and our Corps.

Any soldier worth his salt naturally takes a pride in his Unit and his Corps. That pride can only be expressed, out of barracks, by dress, deportment and behaviour. Sloppy dress, slovenly deportment, drunkenness in public places and foul language reflect discredit not only on the soldier concerned, but also on his Unit, his Corps and his uniform.

How we walk, talk and act when in public has a far greater effect on public opinion than similar action by the ordinary citizen. The "Civvy" can, if he wishes, think only of himself. We have the honour of wearing the King's uniform, and the great traditions of many famous Regiments, whose battle honours go deep in history, are in our keeping. We bring the whole Canadian Army into disrepute when any one of us fails in public conduct.

A real soldier, a well trained soldier, is a gentlemen in every true sense of the word. A soldier who so conducts himself in public as to reflect discredit on his Unit, merits only the contempt of civilians and the scorn of his comrades. So, let our behaviour in the city of Medicine Hat be such that when this

Camp finally closes, and the last PW has been returned, the citizens will look back with pride and pleasure to our stay, and the reputation of the "Veterans Guard of Canada," for both performance of their duty, and out of barracks behaviour, will be unquestioned.

WAIT FOR IT

P.O.W. WOW is just getting into action. In the issues to come you will read thrilling stories of the early days of internment work. Tales of escapes—successful and otherwise. The veil will be lifted and incidents that could not be described in whispers will now be related in print for your entertainment.

* * *

P.O.W. WOW is this season's best seller. We can't keep pace with the demand and though this issue is being increased almost 100 per cent it is likely that we will have belated requests for additional copies when the supply is again exhausted.

* * *

Space is restricted and editorial policy has to be shaped accordingly. If you must have lots of pictures, read "Life" or buy the funnies. We can only afford money and space for a minimum of illustration. News items, notes on personnel and humorous anecdotes about ourselves must give place largely to a policy of presenting the Story of Internment and its Guards—so that it will be a worth-while record of what will yet become recognized as one glorious hour in the twilight of the Veteran's day.

Best of Luck from

**H. R.
Hutchings**



**Sporting and
Leather Goods**

STAND EASY!

It should be recorded here that the Armistice Special Service was something to write home about and many soldiers did just that. To the Padre—for a flawless message of Remembrance, to Legion Officer Tyson—for a job well done, to the Band—for a most effective offering, to the sentries and others on the platform—for their impressive part, the thanks of the station personnel is due.

* * *

Compliments are also due from the old and young soldiers who could not go overseas, and from everyone else, to the Red Cross ladies of Medicine Hat for their unflagging zeal in meeting the troop trains that carry our comrades homeward. Homeward from Japanese prison camps, from Italian mud and from dreary post-war duties in Europe. It is not the value of the gifts—though that runs from sixty to over a hundred dollars per train. It is the welcome, the pleasant chat and the hand-wave that will make Medicine Hat a long-remembered incident in these boys' lives. To see how these British Tommies (who have really "had" it in the Pacific) step from the train and smile and "nary a grouch"—well, it's really quite something.

* * *

The name is Ann Zworsky. And for looks? WOW! In fact, P.O.W. WOW! Ann is the young lady whose soft white hands were lifting blobs of butter into the printing machine with automatic efficiency—her blue eyes staring dreamily into space and her gold wrist-watch sliding softly into the goo, like a russet apple gently falling upon autumn leaves. You remember? The watch was found by a P.O.W. and he turned it in to the Scouts. Well, Ann has her watch again—but she is not content. She wants you to give her a ring sometime when you are in Edmonton.

* * *

An N.C.O. who had the job of giving a refresher course under Italian skies to newly arrived officers and o.r.s tells us this one. He was in full command of the situation at question when an officer asked: "What will I use if I have brake trouble and lose the brake fluid?" Brightly the instructor came back: "Well, what do you suppose? You are in Italy, aren't you? Well, use olive oil."

A few days later he was checking up, in a snowstorm, a vehicle. He asked the man in charge: "What have you got in your radiator?" Back came the snappy answer. "Well, I'm in Italy, ain't I? Wine, you silly!" It was one of his former pupils.

The Fourth Column

Where we ask our questions.
Where we air our opinions.

(Letters to be addressed to The Editor, POW WOW)

Editor, P.O.W. WOW:

Camp golf championship semi-final.

Pte. Turner begs to point out that far from being "swept aside" by Lt. Simpson, he finished 2 up and was then "swept aside" by his handicap.

W. B. Turner,
K93796.

* * *

Editor, P.O.W. WOW:

Having read all the issues of P.O.W. WOW since the days it was passed around as just another sheet of paper, you have come a long way. Good luck!

How about telling the "young soldiers" about the "Vets," and by telling them, tell the world; also tell the vets about the young soldiers.

There must be lots of boys back from overseas who could tell some good yarns.

J. F. Davidson, Lieut.
Internment Camp, Medicine Hat.

* * *

"Copies of P.O.W. WOW were received and read by all ranks with considerable interest. The Editor and assistants are to be congratulated in producing an interesting camp paper."—H. R. H., Lt.-Col., Shrrbrooke, Que.

* * *

"We were very pleased to receive copies (of P.O.W. WOW) here, and they have stirred up considerable interest."—A. F. H., Capt., Angler, Ont.

New Club Cafe

Medicine Hat, Alta.

Quality Foods
Pleasant Service
Phone 3202

Compliments of

**MARSHALL'S
BOOK STORE**

621 Second Street
Medicine Hat, Alta.
Phone 3633

Camp Hockey League Planned

4-TEAM LOOP

Hockey, Western Canada's major sport, will be the important pastime of 132 Internment Camp this winter. Present negotiations call for a strong unit entry into the Medicine Hat League (see page one for story). In addition, it is hoped that we will operate a league within the camp. Probably this loop will include a team from each of the guarding coys and two from HQ coy. All the necessary equipment will be supplied, with the exception of skates. Prospective hockey players should arrange now to have skates. Arrangements have been completed for both ice and equipment. If play is ready, the league will open within ten days.

BOXING NEWS

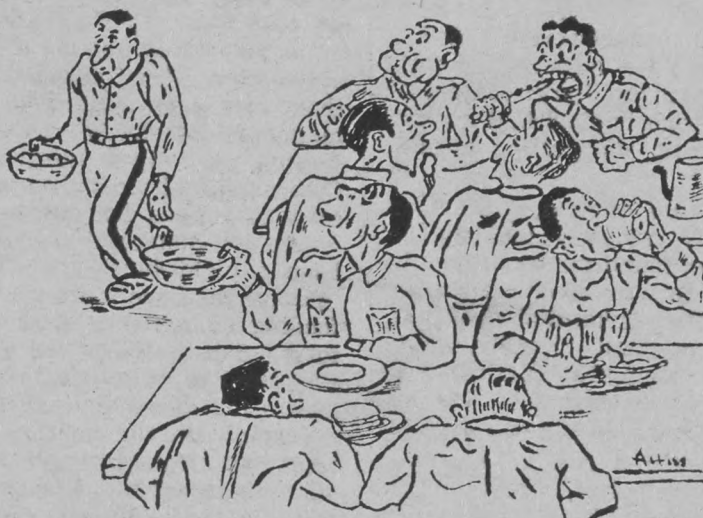
A boxing ring is nearing completion in a hut in the west lines. This hut will be made into a gymnasium and boxing classes will begin in the near future. It is the object of the sports committee to have as many as possible participate in these boxing classes.

The class will be divided into two groups: experienced boxers and novices. There are several good instructors in camp and also men who have done little or no boxing. The latter will be given a chance to learn the rudiments of the game. Particular attention will be paid to new men. The committee urges these to turn out. For men with some experience, training will be provided and tournaments arranged.

It is planned to hold boxing shows both in camp and in Medicine Hat. In these shows novices of equal weights will compete. If enough good men are developed, competition with outside points will be arranged. It is possible that a team will be entered for provincial amateur championships.

BOWLING & CURLING

A league in both curling and bowling is being planned for camp personnel. Curling enthusiasts have already signed their names to lists. It is hoped that those interested in forming bowling teams will see that their names are entered in the lists posted on bulletin boards within the camp. Watch Part I Orders for announcements on these sports.



"Those shovellers and their ravenous appetites. I felt somebody untying my shoe and looked under the table and a chow hound was spreading mustard on my big toe."

LIONS BREAK EVEN

CHARLTON'S BASKET IN LAST MINUTE GIVES 26-25

The Internment Camp Lions came through with the upset of the season when they edged out Suffield on Tuesday, 13 Oct. Playing a steady brand of ball, the team managed to score the winning basket in the last thirty seconds of play to eke out a 26-25 victory.

McCullough started by sinking two lovely baskets for Lions, but Suffield rallied to take a 15-13 lead at the half. Venn and Barrett played excellent ball at guard to lead the Lions in a second half drive, which at one time gave them a six point lead. Suffield's comeback almost succeeded as they erased the six-point lead and Crossan sank two quick shots to put them in the front. With only a few seconds to go, Barrett relayed a long pass to Charlton, who scored the winning basket.

A combination of Suffield's poor finish around the basket and the all-round team play of Lions lead to the slim margin of victory.

* * *

Ten years makes a difference. That was the case last Thursday night when Alexander High School trimmed Internment Camp Lions to the tune of 23-16. After a very fast first half in which Lions held High School scoreless until the 19:30 mark, it was then that the vitality of the younger team began to show. Sustained speed and greater accuracy gave High School a wide margin in the second half. Playing before some fifty enthusias-

BLACK-OUT

Bobby Jones and his minstrels will present a programme of lights, life and laughter at 2000 hrs in the Recreation Hall, Sunday, 25 Nov 45. The hall will seat 450 only, and it is suggested that camp personnel come early so that this dark background of ebony funngraph may be viewed in comfort. Eno and Fitch are behind the eight ball. Did you ever see black magic with a girlish accent? Or, army personnel set to coloured music?

36 RIFLE TEAM LEADS

The first week of organized shooting in 132 Rifle Club shows five out of the six teams competing with 36 Coy team leading with a team average of 90.3 per cent. Three high individual average scores of the week were Kilpatrick (36 Coy—99.3 per cent), Pristie (36 Coy—98.3 per cent) and Ross (Scouts—98.3 per cent).

Besides competing as teams, the 85 rifle enthusiasts who make up the present membership of 132 Rifle Club are also competing as individuals for the attractive badges offered by the Dominion Marksmen. Five targets of 75 or better are necessary for the 1st Class Badge, and ten of 95 or more for the Expert Badge. All targets are fired at a range of 25 yards with .22 Long Branch rifles.

If you haven't already become a spectator, both teams featured a fast, strong passing attack with close checking. It was a good game!

SPORTS OFFICER ARRIVES

Capt. Torchy Hilliker, just back from the Pacific, is our new sports officer. Going into action with the Seventh American Division as a Canadian observer, Torchy was caught by a Jap mortar burst on June 21, 1945. From Okinawa, where this took place, he was flown to Guam where he was hospitalized for two months.

Capt. Hilliker is well qualified for his new job at the camp. He was featherweight and lightweight champion of Alberta. In 1943 Torchy handled the A20 boxing team at Red Deer. He also played rugby with Calgary Tigers and University of Alberta. The 10-second-100-yard dash record he made at a Calgary High School track meet is still unchallenged. We're looking for a lot from the new sports officer.

a member of 132 Rifle Club, see your Sports Officer or the Padre immediately. Below you will find a schedule of teams:

Tuesdays—Scouts (1830 hrs),
Transports (1945 hrs).
Thursdays—36 Coy (1830 hrs),
or 25 Coy (1945 hrs).
Saturdays—Hospital (1300 hrs),
Hqs (1415 hrs).

National Fruit Co.

Makers of
**HIGH-N-DRY
GINGERALE**

"A Drink of Good Taste"

Medicine Hat, Alberta

Compliments of

CRYSTAL DAIRY

LIMITED

A DAY WITH THE R.C.A.M.C.

Florence Nightingale mothered the nursing profession, and her offspring are the streamlined sisters of today. The sisters are doing a magnificent job in our hospital, which lacks murals and the artistry of Michael Angelo,

TRUE SHORT STORIES

"Close Shave"

"It was the Commandant's Weekly Inspection. The PW all stood straight as ramrods against the end of their beds. They were clean and neat but a number had several days growth of beard. No pay had arrived from Germany and razor blades could not be bought. The Commandant knew this, but when he finally arrived opposite a man who had a fuzzy growth sprouting everywhere on his face he could stand it no longer and said: "When are you going to shave?" The reply sounded like "Nex Spring," so the Commandant barked, "Next Spring be damned, you shave by tomorrow or else." Just then the Interpreter saluted and said, "Pardon, sir, but the PW said Nix kling—which means in German, no blade."

* * *

IN DEEP WATER

It was the time the Russians were investing Berlin. The Daily Count was on and as usual the Camp Spokesman and Interpreter were out in front with the Scout Officer and the Field Officer of the Day. The Inspector General was due in a few days, so, wishing to honour him the, the Spokesman asked through the Interpreter what piece of music the PW Camp Band should play when he arrived. No one knew the I.G.'s taste in music and the Scout Officer finally said, "Why not play the same piece you played on the last General Inspection?" But neither the Spokesman nor the Interpreter could remember the tune. Then the Scout Officer recalled: "Oh, I remember, it was "Volga Boatman." The interpreter's face turned white as he translated rapidly to the spokesman. "Nein, nein," cried the spokesman, excitedly. Suddenly the interpreter's face lit up; he smiled and said: "No, sir, you mean the Blue Danube." "Well," said the Scout Officer, "I knew it was some damn river or other."

but is more than compensated by an abundance of medical skill.

Some time ago I was admitted to "Ward B." Before I reached that haven, however, I had to go through a verbal barrage from my military contemporaries, who implied that my case could be diagnosed as "cold spell."

When I entered, a courteous orderly weighed me and, of course, found me wanting. Another gave me an empty bottle—a rather inhospitable way to greet a guest. Finally, an efficient young N.C.O. X-rayed me . . . then to bed.

It is an event in the patients' life when a new case arrives. Every bed shows activity where none showed before. Men with minor ailments magnify them to impress the tyro. A sick ward is really a little world where every man would be king. Happy is the fellow who has recovered from a major operation. His superiority complex develops at the expense of his mates who hang their heads in shame.

An old adage says: "Every man his own doctor at forty." But in our ward the kids are further advanced than the atomic bomb. Even old man Aristotle would have been lost among the mathematical formulae of A1, B2 and 3 and the history of mysterious "shots."

When meal hours roll around they are reduced to a common denominator; for food takes precedence over ills.

Although fortitude is taken for granted among soldiers, all improved patients become tense when the medical officer makes his rounds. He is the master of their fate and if their heads are not bloody they are bowed. Each man says to himself: "This is it." Then sighs audibly when he finds it is his neighbour.

But does the freedom-tagged man falter? He does not—at least outwardly. Like a Spartan he braces himself to meet the worst—his Sgt. Major, who waits outside.

**Macdonald's
Consolidated**

LTD.

**★
WHOLESALE
GROCERS**

Medicine Hat

Maw . . . I'm Hungry!

Three Bites and Your Out

Young soldiers eat more than old soldiers. That is something that constitutes a problem for messing officers. We have always argued that Internment Camps should have had a special scale of rations for the guards—who do 24-hour duty and must have a night lunch. We used to argue the same when we were feeding night flyers in the air force. But the Wise Men in the East used to write back snappy letters telling us that the scale was ample for four meals a day whenever necessary and mind our own business would we.

But it ain't necessarily so. For young soldiers eat a lot, especially at the age of these youngsters. And they spend their money downtown so that canteen profits from the odd glass of beer that the Vets sometimes drink are very small and do not help out the mess table as they used to. And the girl friend's mother does not find it so easy to fix up the after-show lunch. So young soldiers are hungry.

The jam that used to sit on the mess table for days and days is cleaned up nowadays almost as soon as it appears. And the cook who can make up tasty sandwiches for the towers, as well as three good meals a day—well, he isn't working on the ra-

tion scale we know or feeding the young soldiers of this camp.

For the young soldier is like the little boy whose eating habits resembled those of his father, his mother and the dog. His father ate a lot, his mother ate all the time and the dog took big bites.

Ozada, The Tented City

(Continued from page 1)

take it? Remember, these were not young, tough, trained to a hair troop troops. They were "Vets," fathers of families, many with sons overseas and their ages were from mere youngsters of forty-five to more mature men of sixty-five. It's true their army papers didn't show their real ages, nor did those who were entitled to them, wear their South African ribbons. Some of them too, had slipped by the doctor with a weak heart, and an altitude of 4,200 feet doesn't help that very much. But these "old Vets" from B.C. and the Prairie Provinces never faltered. Despite the adverse conditions, despite wet leaking tents without stoves, despite freezing temperatures, the morning sick parade at the tented hospital was no larger than usual, nor were there any cases of A.W.L. They grouched but they took it. They had to take much more before they finally left in November, but that story will follow in the next issue.

**BLAIR'S
TAXI**

24-Hour Service

PHONE
2727

**OGILVIE
FLOUR**

Super-Quality
All-Purpose

Compliments
of

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WESTERN
BRANCH STORE
MEDICINE HAT CANADA

Weston's
Bread and Cake (Canada) Limited